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The Shamrock shore

Limerick

[18--?]

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Imprint : Limerick : Printed by Stephen B. [?], [18--?]
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DAMAGED PAGE(S)

The Shamrock
SHORE,

TOGETHER WITH

THE PHŒNIX OF LOUGHNEAGH

THE REV. FATHER CROTTY.

LIMERICK:
Printed by STEPHEN B[illegible],
15, Grange's-street, near
of William-stre[illegible]

DAMAGED PAGE(S)

Shamrock Shore

Ye pretty fair maidens draw nigh me.
hat fain would have a soldier to wed,
And by my sad exampl take warning,
ban.sh them out of your head,
I once was light hearted and happy,
all my p'ea ure they're o'er,
soldier 's gone and eft me,
e Shamr ck Sho e.
ers snug Cottage was plac',
ant sweet banks of the Finn,
e lark every morning,
ith them sit down,
ldier first entered my dwelling,
rt I ne'er saw before,
e has lef me bewailing,
Shan.rock Shore.
had gained my affection,

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SHAMX

Full soon he had gained my fond heart,

We were married anont to my parent's,
He vowed from me never to part.

But soon all his vows was forsworn,
shall I never behold him nomore,

To Spain he is gone over to battle
Far, far from the Shamrock shore.

In Dublin the regiment was quartered,
To which my brave soldier belonged,

And for a dispute with the Serjeant,
My bonny brave soldier was wrong'd.

My love was tied up to the halbert,
His back with the lashes were tore,

And that was the cause of his goinge
So far from the Shamrock Shore,

Farewel to the banks of Finn water,
Farewell to my parents at home.

Since my father disown'd his daughter
To some distant village I'll rove,

I'll press my dear child in my arms,
in hopes that peace might restore,

My soldier from wars dread alarms,
Safe home on the Shamrock Shore

The Phœnix of
Loughneagh

'TWAS on a Summers morning as Phœbus did appear,
Our light Bobs marched in order the weather being so clear,
I met a rural lass bedecked in bright array
Her beauty struck me with surprise near the lakes of sweet Loughneagh.
I did accost this fair one as she had passed me by
And asked her was she Helen whom Paris stol to Troy,
Which caused the Greeks for many years from their respective homes to stray,
That came perambulating near the lakes of sweet Leughneagh,
Without hesitation she made this sweet reply
Sir, I am not Helen who set on flames proud Troy

Merit no encomiums as you are pleased to say,
For I am a farmer's daughter from the lakes of
sweet Loughneagh
She is sedate, in her carriage neat, she is of
middle size,
Her eyes like stars on the shield of Mars, she
sways the golden prize,
Her pimple chin, and oval breasts, which cause
me to say,
Would have engaged a Monarch's Crown near
the lakes of sweet Loughneagh.
I said my lovely fair one, with courage bold
and free,
Your killing glances have inflamed and quite
attracted me,
Let us sit and treat of love on this Primrose
Bank so gay,
Whilst the small birds tune in concert near the
Lakes of sweet Loughneagh.
She says young man forbear you mean to
flatter me,
And retract from your assertions should I prove
thee,
For from my Native Country I'm Exile should
stray

If I disgrace my parents near the Lakes of sweet
Loughneagh,
Now my dearest Jewel do not me thus forsake,
By Cupids dart I feel the smart alas my heart
will break,
At head quarters I'll make you my bride and
with me come away,
Therefore rely and with me comply near the
Lakes of sweet Loughneagh.
After some persuasion this fair one did agree
In Hymens Bands we joined our Hands in this
most solemnly,
The bugle sounds to arms my love now come
away,
Our Regiment is bound to Columbia's shore so
fare you well Loughneagh,

RIDDLES.

Take three parts of a British jest four exempt
both end,
A man of yore his aid implore in scripture you
will find.
A Covenant pr fix to him to be he did not the
Lord obey,
Without her name guess who I mean the
Phoenix of Loughneagh.

The Rev. Father Crotty.

COME all you Roman Catholics that
loves a Clergyman,
Listen to these few lines it will not keep
you long,
It is Father Crotty I do mean, a blessed
man this day,
His perjured prosecutor thought to swear
his life away,
It happened on a blessed day as he
was serving God.
He met this bloody perjurer along with
a young lad,
He made a low bow for them, what
more then could he do?
They answered him with saucinest, we
do not care for you,
The people all in Parsonstown were
struck with great surprise,
To think that Father Crotty was sworn
in by lies,
Vengeance from Heaven down will fall
on that lass both night & day.

That thought to bring him in guilty &
swear his life away.
Whenever he departs this life, and
from his flock is gone,
The catholicks may deplore for a worthy
clergyman,
The queen of heaven she meets him, he
keeps her in his mind,
And before our blessed Redeemer in
glory he will shine.

He is one of the Lord's annointed, he
is of the ancient flock.
He's the blessed seed of Peters, our Sa-
viour's, founded on a rock,
His religion cannot be slighted, because
it is sure,
The gates of Heaven will open when
he comes to the door.
Now to conclude and finish, and let
you understand,
Satan's claws are open all for that wicked
one,
She done his work in this world, and in
the next I hope she burn,
For the devil has a hand in her and he'll
have her the last day.

FINIS.